

SCHOOLING

for Alexander Skidan

The motions of children
of courts

Carlight
industrial prolegomena

Eradicated Ovids
fast loose change

Rivers of tar, of cars, of tattered water
leave the driving to us

"I love you."
"Don't talk to me that way."

Resistance is futile

Under the spreading chestnut tree
God's joke

Come to me
my mitochondrial baby

I sing a song of mouse elf

Heidegger, Heidegger everywhere
and not a stop to think

Resistance is utile

In the conifer stands, Artemis's breath
she doesn't work here any more

Fuck utopia:
More burnings

Resistance is a drink
for those who think,
a meal for those who feel

Jumping off premises
the white cliffs are over

Tolstoy: "Turgenev
can-can; boring."

Dig a whole
for decapitated Anna

The peasant become
proletarian, iron clad
then fat

Did I arouse you, America?
Good. Coke is life.

Your jeans become genes
the eugenics

Not to interrupt the show, but
do you still know
how to pleasure yourself?

SPECTACLE IS THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE OF FASCIST ART

Come, hide with me from
their violence in the vi-
olets. They're soon gone.

AMERICAN LIFE

ma ma

soma

chemo

coma

SET OF EXAMPLES AND NONEXAMPLES

1. 2. 3. . . . $\Pi=P$. Place your value, place your bets, find a reasonable answer: The probability experiment begins. Here you, like a lost abscissa, start, an upstart fractal, an enclosed polygon with an infinite perimeter. Heads or tails, + plusses, you seek congruency in your scalene life, with no order of operations. There is missing information, or too much information; too many variables to solve the equation. Try a new calculus, and measure your dimensions. In the probability experiment, the outcome "yes" is unlikely, the expression $P = ?$, even simplified, irrational; perhaps, you wonder, the set is null? No: embrace me, acutely, and my non-linear charms, and fall, meters squared, to my alge(bra) arms.

PARTS OF A FLOWER

Q. Anthrax pustule stigma style:
your gaps pedaling, stab
your brazen face.
 you were made
for manhandling
torn from
the erg and
reduced to buttons

A. I'm the child of manure, a clod
one of many accidents
 along the highway.
Like you, I'm a wino creep
stepped upon_____ stamped on
pissed on by the Gogs
I can still see the
hell of us and still chain your food.